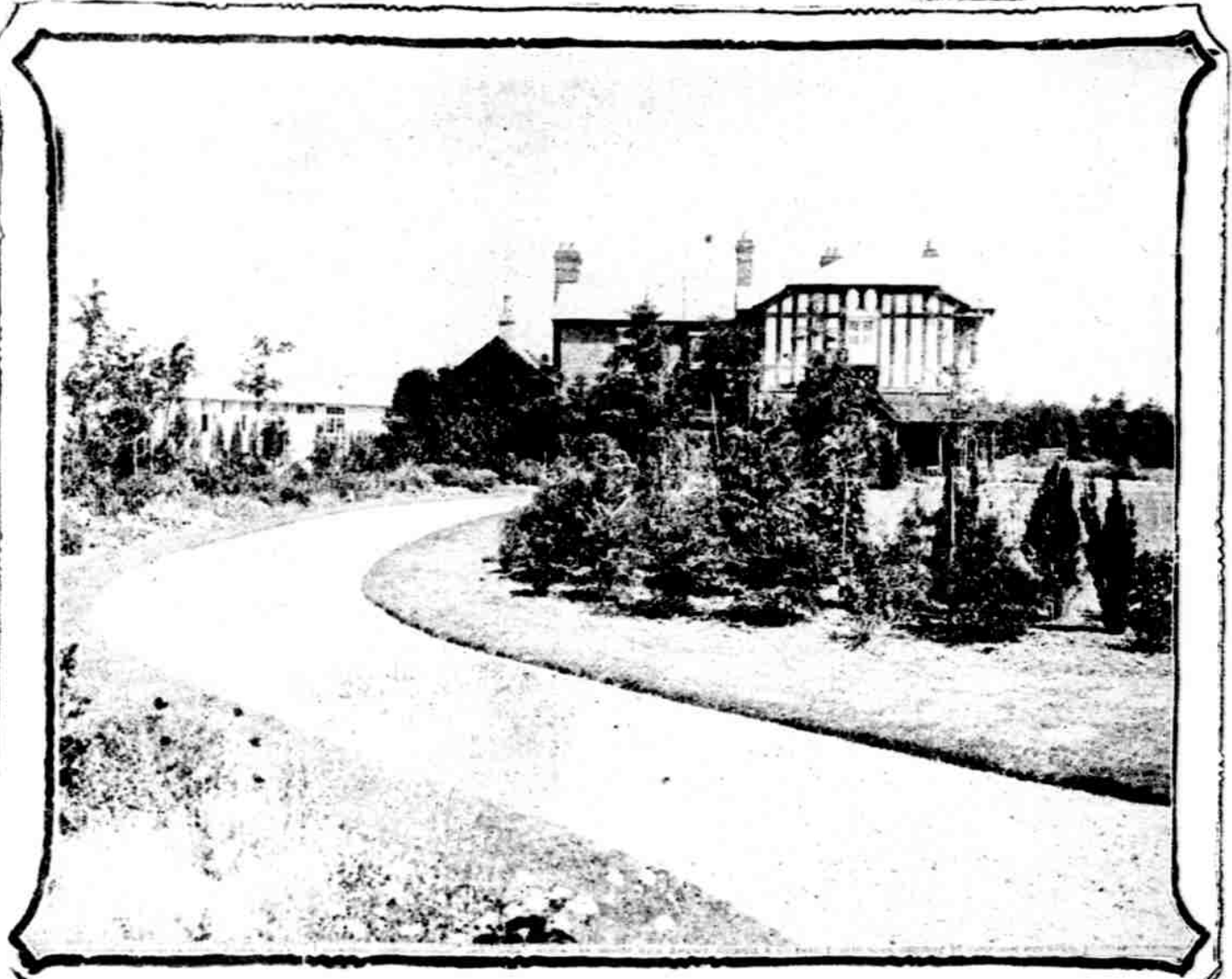


Mrs. Langtry at Home.



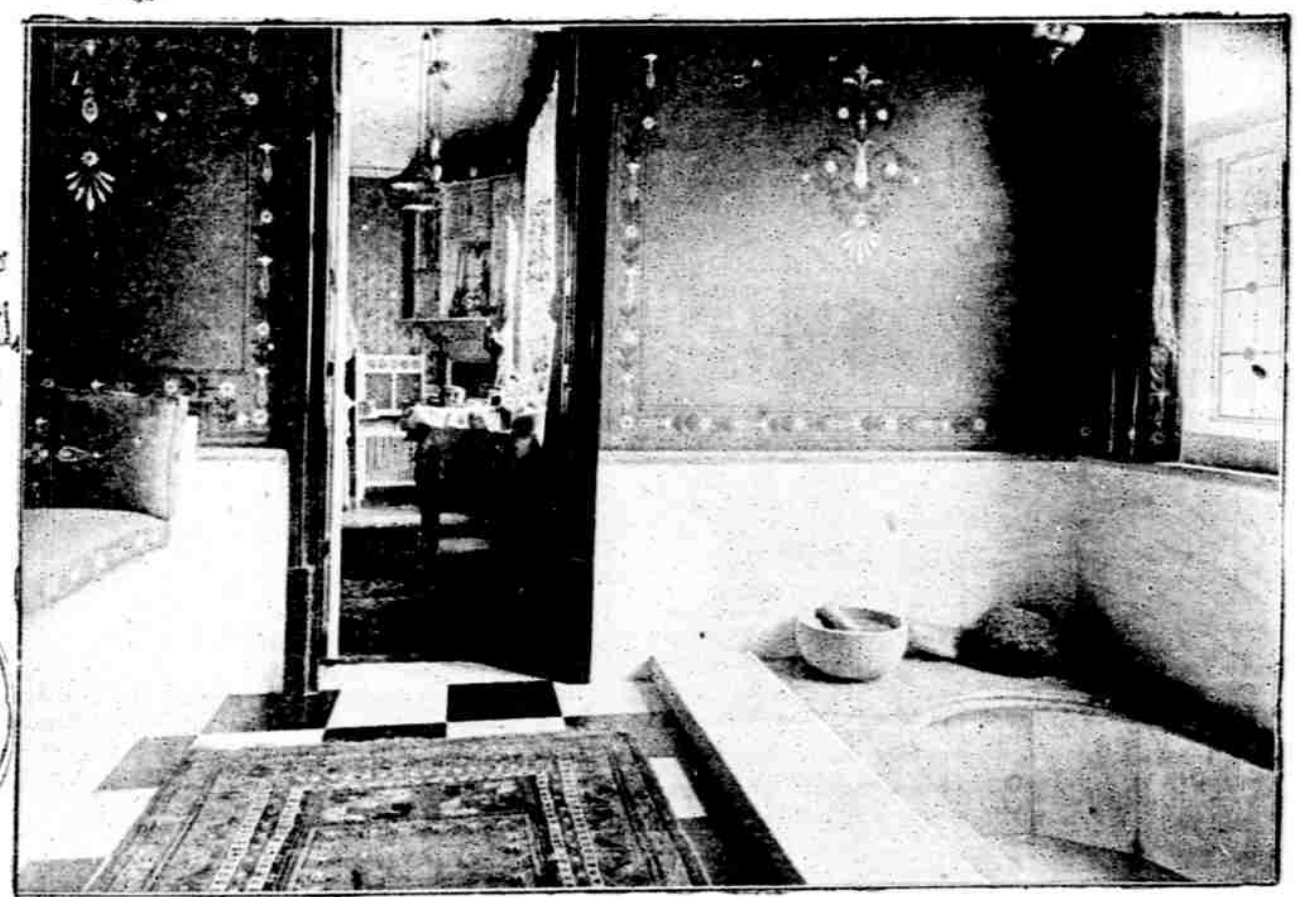
FRONT VIEW OF ROYAL LODGE, KENNETH, KENTFORD, ENGLAND



VIEW OF GROUNDS AT ROYAL LODGE



MORNING ROOM AND SECRETARY'S OFFICE ADJOINING.



THE BATH ROOM ADJOINING BED ROOM.

ROOMS IN THE
TOWN HOUSE
CADDISAN SQUARE
LONDON

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Mrs. Langtry's country residence is situated four miles from Newmarket, and is fitted with every modern convenience and luxury. The entrance hall has a parquetry floor, which leads through an oak archway into a large oak paneled reception room. The first floor is approached by a principal gallery, oak staircase, with carved newels and paneled soffits, and a large landing leads to the six principal bedrooms, each of which is fitted with white enameled mantles and tiled hearths. Mrs. Langtry's room is on the first floor front. Her studies with stalls for eleven horses are said to be the best arranged stables in England.

A story almost as impossible as the creation of a romance's imagination is revealed in the career of Mrs. Langtry, or Mrs. Hugo de Bathe as she is now called. There is perhaps no member of her sex who has run the gamut of life in all its various vicissitudes quite as Lily Langtry has done it.

It was to a very quiet life that Lily Langtry was born on the Isle of Jersey. Her father was a dean of the English Church. She was the only daughter in a family of seven children, was the eldest boy of the lot, never considered a beauty by her family, and was educated in her own home as a boy might be educated. Her marriage to Mr. Langtry at that untoward hour in the morning to enable them to catch the 8 a. m. boat to Southampton, her coming to London and seeing a little of

what the wide world meant in the life into which her husband's position introduced her, and her finding herself in a position where it was necessary for her to consider how she herself could earn the pounds, shillings and pence required to supply her wants, are all known even to the most casual of readers.

The motto of Mrs. Langtry's life has been that "A woman with brains and pluck can accomplish what she chooses. If she faces her limitations fearlessly, she can be great in her own line." In looking about for her opportunity, as every man and woman in this world has to do at some time, she met W. T. Stead. It was in his office, and it was late at night, for Stead was a grinding newspaper man in those days. She entered begging his influence to get her a chance to write. She was clad in a black evening gown, which formed a strong contrast with her dazzling hair.

Mrs. Langtry is beautiful yet, but in those days she was a dream of loveliness. "Yes," said Mr. Stead, "I will give you a chance to write, but you must wear that black gown." She did. The beauty of Lily Langtry and the fame of her black gown was the talk of London for a year. She had her opportunity and seized it. Her visit to this country followed on the heels of her triumph in London, where her beauty caused her to be presented at court. Her triumphal tour in America will be remembered. She became the ar-

ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Sixty-Eight Degrees Below Zero, But Uncle Sam's Boys are Happy Because the Sun Has Come Back.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Fort Egbert, Alaska, Feb. 12.—Fort Egbert is situated near Eagle City on the Yukon River, about eight miles from the Canadian border. It was established last July by a detachment of the Seventh Regulars under command of Major Hay. It is on high ground, safely out of reach of the annual floods the great river is said to indulge in, and the region is a beautiful one.

The main building is of two stories, built of spruce logs squared on three sides and laid up with the bark side out. Every crevice was then carefully caulked with oakum, the walls papered and ceiling on the inside and double floors laid.

A number of smaller huts were put up for the accommodation of the men, storage, etc., but there are to be about eighteen buildings in all, and the majority are left laid up with the bark side out. Every crevice was then carefully caulked with oakum, the walls papered and ceiling on the inside and double floors laid.

The Government sent a first-class portable sawmill along with us, and we are getting out a great quantity of pretty fair

lumber. The logs are mostly spruce, and were rafted down the American and Mission creeks before it froze up. They are only from a foot to eighteen inches through, but are clear and good.

When we crossed the Arctic circle at Circle City, on the way up the Yukon River, last July, the fact was mentioned, but had little meaning for us. All the way up the river we had seen green trees and gay-colored wild flowers covered areas of the flats, or what looked like meadows, along the way. In fact, I never saw such sheets of bloom anywhere, except the golden poppy fields of California. The fore part of the winter was so mild we might have been anywhere in the Western States, instead of in the "polar regions." It did not get below zero more than 12 or 14 degrees, with but a foot or two of snow.

We jested a good deal about the weather and ridiculed our new uniforms unmercifully. Anything so unadmirable you never saw, and the first time we wore them on parade discipline was at a discount.

It consists of yellow mackinaw blouses and trousers of the heaviest make, thick woollen sweaters, German socks, felt shoes, sloe pack and moccasins, fur caps that cover the entire head and neck, and thick woollen mittens. Complete, the outfit is unique, and perfect for the climate.

In December the mercury went down to

57 degrees below zero. By the middle of January it touched 68 below; but up to date there has been a steady, slow rise.

I was on guard on the night of January 17, and when relieved had the curiosity to take a lantern and look at Major Hay's thermometer. It stood 63 degrees below, and I came near freezing in getting back to quarters.

Thermometers are a mistake. If we had none we should not think it was cold when it was. The frost is more than an inch on the windows, and coupled with the absence of the sun, has helped to make our quarters gloomy for homelike men.

We saw the last of the sun October 13. The old truant only peeped at us for a moment on that day from behind the mountain tops of the south. After that we never caught sight of his jolly old face until January 16. Then he just took a look at us, barely showing half of his face, and then

dropped out of sight once more. Now, however, he stays about five hours with us. Perhaps we were not glad to see him, and perhaps we didn't give him a rousing cheer. Try three months without a gleam of sunshine and you will thoroughly understand how we feel about it. We count on only four months more of winter now.

The first snow came October 1, and it has been coming at short intervals ever since. The dog teams are all on the go all the time, to keep the trails open, making trips to Igloo and Circle City, or running supplies out to their mining claims. Nearly every able-bodied man in the "city" has a gold claim somewhere, from which he expects to make his fortune sooner or later. Eagle City has 60 human inhabitants and just about as many dogs. We are agreeably surprised to receive mail from home on an average of once in two or three weeks.

It takes a month from the mailing of a letter in the States to its receipt here. They

offer of fashion. It was the Langtry that, the Langtry everything. She was the fashion, she was popular. Then came a turn in this fortune. She amassed wealth, but she lost her whole popularity. Subsequent seasons came and with it the Jersey Lily, who attempted, perhaps not hesitated at first to offer it, for it was a very enthusiastically, to revive her former greatness, and then for a year or two the theater knew her no more. In this interim came her divorce. One heard of her now and again on this side of the water as being remarkably successful on the English turf, as the owner of a string of race horses, and it is known that she won enormous sums of money.

This sort of a thing did not suit the Jersey Lily. It was too quiet a life. Society did not know her, and she rested from her attempt or desire to enter it. Two years ago Mrs. Langtry's run of luck seemed to have reached its lowest ebb. She had had some failures on the stage, her racing stable was not all she wanted it to be, and her health seemed to be suffering under the strain. An incident is told in this connection of a call by Mrs. Brown-Potter, who came in dashing in her resplendent clothes and even more radiant in the infectious excitement that had come with her artistic success in London. Mrs. Langtry, it is said, is the least envious of women, but a shade is said to have crossed her face as she looked at this other woman breathing an atmosphere of triumph and happiness. She determined to test her mettle again.

When her determination came that day in London, she went to see her old friend, Mrs. Grundy, with whose daughter her daughter was visiting. She said she had one play, and the playwright said he had one for her. It was "The Degenerates." He hesitated at first to offer it, for it was a play to excite varied emotions in the breast of the person who wanted a play on which to risk much money, artistic reputation and what might have appeared at that moment, when she was, in the language of the streets, "down at her luck," a last theatrical chance. Its daring, the defiant cynicism of its earlier scenes, its presentation of the darker side of London life to-day, were all things which were well calculated to give cause and to raise haunting and affrighted thoughts as to the outcome. But Mrs. Langtry accepted the play. It seemed courtly, but the opening came. From the start, the box office and the theatrical billboards were besieged with applicants for seats. The tide of her fortunes changed. Her disappointing Nerman, the race horse which had won the Cesarewitch, and who had belied the promises of his youth, was again successful. Other stable companions did likewise, and she was found their way into Mrs. Langtry's pocket. Then came her marriage to Sir Hugo de Bathe. She is now one of the richest women on the stage. She may be described as one of the most audacious and successful women of her time.

Cape Nome. As long ago as the middle of January some men came in from Skagway bound for the new diggings.

Now not a day passes that dog teams laden with food and tools do not go through. The whole country seems to have gone daff over the matter, and I am wondering if the fever has reached the States.

A Dawson paper, the Weekly News, dated January 13, tells a story about an old resident of that city who has a claim at Cape Nome who is positively known to have taken out \$300,000 worth of gold in the past season. And he certifies that many other men took out from \$50 to \$100,000 a day.

Everybody seems to take stock in these statements, and a rush has commenced, exceeding anything ever heard of before. The ease with which the gold is mined is what attracts them. In Klondike one has to dig a solid frozen hard as iron by building huge fires and thawing it out. At Nome the gold is in the sands of the beach and a vast extent of alluvial plain. The Japan current flowing past warms the region much earlier than the sun can here, so the working season, or washing, cleaning-up, season, is much longer.

Dawson will be the gatherer by these tales, for they are calling away much of the floating population it finds it so hard to feed. The first spoke of war in the business portion, and the loss is estimated at over half a million.

By the way, when we came up Circle City had several hundred inhabitants, but now they say there are only twenty left. All the others have started to "mush" (travel by dog team) across country to Nome.

We are also told that there are about 1,500 men wintering at the Cape. Nothing

has been heard from them since November, and old-timers are feeling dubious as to how they will make out. They have a collection of small frame huts, huddled close against each other for warmth, and many have only tents. Fire is what is most to be feared in their case, but if the snow is very deep they will have great difficulty in getting wood.

A man here has a contract to furnish food for the entire post at \$11 a cord. He has two horses for which, by the way, he paid \$500, and, do his best, he cannot get the food to us as fast as we need it. This is a horrible country for horses and men. They have to be dressed as warm as humans are, and then they seem to suffer more.

The dogs actually seem not to mind the cold at all, and will drop down anywhere in the snow and sleep. For once in my life, I am where canines are worth paying a tax on. A pair of well-broken, shaggy, big fellows are easily sold for from \$200 to \$500.

To steal a dog here is, in the eyes of the people, to deserve hanging.

Three men arrived here not long since with some stolen dogs. They sold one of the dogs here, stole another and went on toward Nome.

A couple of days later men came in pursuit of them. Besides the dogs, they had stolen some twelve hundred dollars, but that was a minor consideration. Major Hay sent a man and dog team along with them, but I have not heard the result of the pursuit.

The Canadian police have paid us several visits, and are very friendly, but seem to think it incumbent on them to teach us our duties.